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SELECT POEMS.



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SELECT POEMS

OF

EDWARD HOVEL THURLOW,

LORD THURLOW.



Chiswick :

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SELECT POEMS

OF

EDWARD HOVEL THURLOW,

LORD THURLOW.

841992

SONG.

To May.

MAY, queen of blossoms,
And fulfilling flowers,
With what pretty music
Shall we charm the hours?
Wilt thou have pipe and reed,
Blown in the open mead?
Or to the lute give heed
In the green bowers?

Thou hast no need of us,
Or pipe or wire,
That hast the golden bee
Ripen'd with fire;
And many thousand more
Songsters, that thee adore,
Filling earth's grassy floor
With new desire.

Thou hast thy mighty herds,
Tame, and free livers;
Doubt not, thy music too
In the deep rivers;
And the whole plummy flight,
Warbling the day and night:
Up at the gates of light,
See, the lark quivers!

When with the jacinth
Coy fountains are tressed;
And for the mournful bird
Green woods are dressed,
That did for Tereus pine;
Then shall our songs be thine,
To whom our hearts incline:
MAY, be thou blessed!

VERSES,

IN ALL HUMILITY DEDICATED TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

The Prince Regent.

As when the burning Majesty of Day
The golden-hoofed steeds doth speed away
To reach the summit of the Eastern hill;
(And sweet expectance all the World doth fill;)

With all his gorgeous company of Clouds
(Wherein sometimes his awful face he shrouds),
Of amber, and of gold, he marcheth on,
And the pure Angels sing before his throne;

Beneath his feet the beams of Morning play;
Before him the immortal Seasons stray;
And, looking down from that thrice sacred height,
He fills the boundless kingdoms with his light:

So You, great Sir, if fitly we design
The kingly glory by a type divine,
Like that exalted Shepherd *, on his way,
Disperse our darkness, and restore our day :

The tears, which we have shed, no more shall flow ;
Your beauteous rising in our hearts shall glow ;
And hymns of praise, as we behold your light,
Shall warble from the bosom of the night !

* Apollo, or the Sun.

THE SECOND ELEGY

OF

The Fourth Book of Tibullus.

GREAT Mars, Sulpicia's on thy Calends dress'd :

If thou be'st wise, come down from heav'n to see.

Venus shall pardon : be thou heedful, lest

Thy arms in gazing should fall wantonly.

'Tis from her eyes, when he the Gods would burn,

Two lamps of glancing fire are lit by Love.

Whate'er she does, where'er her footsteps turn,

Grace does in ev'ry act attendant move.

Loos'd is her hair ? her loosen'd hair becomes ;

Or comb'd ? th' observant Goddess shines confest :

She burns, when in her Tyrian robe she comes,

She burns, when candid in her snowy vest.

So fair Vertumnus in Olympus dwells,

So him a thousand beauties ornament :

Let Tyre to her, who ev'ry nymph excels,

Soft fleeces, dipp'd in precious juice, present :

To her, whate'er in fragrant fields he reaps
Of his sweet harvest, let the Arab give,
And the swarth Indian of his pearly heaps,
Who doth the nearest to the Morning live :
Her on the joyous Calends, Muses, sing,
And, matchless Phœbus, with resplendent lyre :
These rites let many years revolving bring :
No nymph is worthier of your sacred quire.

THE ROSE.

FROM THE LATIN OF AUSONIUS.

THE Rose in fragrance blooms one fleeting day :
Her leaves, as yet unfolding, fade away !
She buds, when fair Aurora fires the skies,
And, as the light descends, her beauty dies !

SONNET,
ON BEHOLDING THE
PORTRAITURE OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY,
IN THE GALLERY AT PENShurst.

THE man that looks, sweet Sidney, in thy face,
Beholding there love's truest majesty,
And the soft image of departed grace,
Shall fill his mind with magnanimity :
There may he read unfeign'd humility,
And golden pity, born of heav'nly brood,
Unsullied thoughts of immortality,
And musing virtue, prodigal of blood :
Yes, in this map of what is fair and good,
This glorious index of a heav'nly book,
Not seldom, as in youthful years he stood,
Divinest Spenser would admiring look ;
And, framing thence high wit and pure desire,
Imagin'd deeds, that set the world on fire !

SONNET,

ON THE DIVINE AND NEVER ENDING MEMORY OF

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY*.

YET shall thy name be to all ages dear,
 Beyond the sweetness of the balmy Spring,
 Or those soft notes, that take the list'ning ear,
 When in love's prime the nightingale doth sing ;
 The balm of woe, the rest from sorrowing,
 The theme of pity, and the tongue of love,
 Which never time shall to completion bring,
 But in its sweetness still more dear shall prove ;
 That the pale moon, and the pure stars above
 Shall stay their spheres with music of thy praise,
 The whiles the shepherds sing, as doth beleave,
 The triumph of Arcadia's blissful days,
 And their shrill pipes to wood and fountain tell
 The fortune of lamented Astrophel.

* Sir Philip Sidney was mortally wounded in the battle of Zutphen, 1586.

SONNET.

THE Summer, the divinest Summer burns,
The skies are bright with azure and with gold,
The mavis, and the nightingale by turns
Amid the woods a soft enchantment hold :
The flow'ring woods, with glory and delight,
Their tender leaves unto the air have spread,
The wanton air amid their alleys bright
Doth softly fly, and a light fragrance shed :
The Nymphs within the silver fountains play,
The Angels on the golden banks recline,
Wherein great Flora, in her bright array,
Hath sprinkled her ambrosial sweets divine ;
Or, else I gaze upon that beauteous face,
O Amoret ! and think these sweets have place.

SONG.

To the Rose.

SINCE king and shepherd own
 Thee for the queen of flowers,
 When thou art fully blown
 In Summer-laughing hours ;
 Since none partake thy throne ;
 What need a Poet's powers
 To make thy kingdom known,
 Thou sovran of the bowers ?

What need to paint the state
 Of amber-haired Morn ?
 Or the ripe Day relate,
 Which is in Ocean born ?
 These all confess are great ;
 And yet all tongues adorn—
 Pure love cannot abate,
 Nor duty be forborne.

Thou flower of heav'nly seed !

Emphatical delight !

Thou, in whose leaves we read

The soul of crimson light !

That married art, indeed,

And vow'd to Summer bright ;

And didst of Spring proceed ;

What tongue can paint thee right ?

Ere thou art born on earth,

The shepherds sing thy praise ;

The cities waken mirth,

In hope of flowery days :

Thou art the chiefest birth,

That swelling Nature pays,

To ransom Winter's dearth,

And Spring's unkind delays.

The pink and violet meet,

The jasmine dwells in thee,

The honeysuckle sweet,

The jacinth budding free ;

In thee what odours greet
The longing sense, agree ;
And reign in lovely heat—
As fountains in the sea.

Methinks, thou hast a tongue,
That answers me again,
With lovely Muses hung ;
“ O, waste not love in vain ;
But let HIS praise be sung,
Who bade me blush, and reign
O'er flowers ; by whom I sprung ;
The God of land and main !

“ My life, I know, is brief ;
My crimson shall grow pale ;
And I shall shed my leaf,
And all my odours fail :
But this can breed no grief ;
I love, and shall prevail ;
And God shall give relief,
And raise me up from bale.

“ And what the Spring to me,
Prophetic, may appear,
Is Heaven, O man, to thee,
An ever blooming year :
Where thou shalt Angels see,
And their sweet harpings hear ;
If thou God’s servant be,
And keep his counsel dear.”

O Preacher of the mead,
Thy sermon is divine ;
And doth from God proceed :
Who caused thee thus to shine,
O ROSE, in crimson weed :
And may I make it mine ;
And thus be learn’d indeed,
When sun and stars decline !

SONNET.

To Phœbus.

PHŒBUS, whose lieges the great Poets are,
 Whose fire doth ripen their creative heads,
 And giveth light and love to all, that treads
 The earth, or cleaves the wave, or wings the air;
 Whose lovely torch, divine and regular,
 Sweet flowers, rich fruits doth waken in their beds,
 And groves, and woods; and day resplendent sheds
 O'er heaven, and earth, with glory circular;
 The rosy-bosom'd Hours now chant along
 Thy golden charet nearer to the earth:
 Thou marchest, like a bridegroom, fair, and strong;
 Thou causest, that of light we have no dearth:
 O PHŒBUS, bless us ripe, and bless us long;
 That hadst, in Jove's own lap, thy perfect birth!

A SONG,

IN APRIL.

Now the pied April shows her blossom'd thorn,
 And saffron cowslips the green meads adorn,
 Wood-loving primroses their stars display,
 And wheaten fields are in their prime array,
 Now hedge-rows bud with green, the beechen tree,
 And household elder of their leaves are free,
 And Procne 'gins to sing, and frequent show'rs
 Augment the floods, and swell the chalic'd flow'rs.

Let us, my Sylvia, to the woods be gone,
 And make the birth-day of the year our own ;
 Thou art as sweet as Spring ; as dear to me,
 As is the golden honey to the bee ;
 And Ocean shall be parted from the strand,
 Ere I forsake thee, or thy lov'd command.

A SONG,

To the River Avon.

THOU soft-flowing AVON, I call thee divine,
 And often in thought on thy green banks recline :
 Thy wave ripples near me, thy cool zephyrs play,
 And of Shakspeare I dream, all entranc'd by his lay,
River Avon.

The Nine Muses haunt thee, and sing on thy shore,
 And ever shall haunt thee, 'till Time be no more :
 The Graces will never away from thy marge ;
 Forsaking Olympus, they dance here at large,
River Avon.

The Nymphs of the Forest stray down to thy brink,
 And the brimm'd Fountain-Maids, of thy Poet to
 think :
 Nay, Ocean's fair daughters will wander to thee,
 The birth-place and tomb of thy Shakspeare to see,
River Avon.

Pan walks through thy meads, and his Satyrs here
dance,

But the Nymphs fly away from his passionate glance;
The shepherds oft hear him, thy willows beside,
When Hesper is beaming with love on thy tide,
River Avon.

Nay, Proteus forsaking his dolphin-tail'd herd,
Not seldom from under thy water is heard :
The cattle, by whom thy blithe meadows are shorn,
Start away in amaze at that sea-toned horn,
River Avon.

Then smooth be thy waters, thy willows be green,
For Shakspeare here slumbers, the king of our Scene ;
And thy mould softly pillow his dear-loved head,
Whereon the bright blessing of Heaven be shed,
River Avon.

For his heart was as gentle, as keen was his wit,
And one line, which he breath'd, we can never forget,
While the fountains shall flow to the pearl-breeding
main,

We never shall look on his likeness again,

River Avon.

The utmost I ask, is to dwell on thy shore—
When my sight shall grow dim, and my head shall
be hoar,

The page of life clos'd, lay me down by his side,
Beneath the fresh turf, which is wash'd by thy tide,

River Avon.

For there, I persuade me, true peace may be found:
Where Shakspeare reposes, 'tis all hallow'd ground;
No Spirit there wanders, or thing that's unblest,
But the fay-haunted moon sweetly shines on his rest,

River Avon.

And there thou dost murmur, and linger with love,
And feed'st with thy fountains each meadow and
grove ;

Of Meles, of Mincius, we now think not more ;
All the Muses for ever shall dance on thy shore,
River Avon.

While pale lilies shall droop o'er the imaging wave,
And the cuckoo shall utter the same mocking stave,
While the nightingale chant, the coy angel of Spring,
He of Poets, and thou of all Rivers art King,
River Avon.

Then take thou these flowers, fresh pluck'd from thy
meads,
And my music I breathe through thy own native
reeds :

Thou mayst find many Poets more learned than me,
But never a Poet more faithful to thee,
River Avon.

A SONG

OF

THE SEA-FAIRIES.

WHAT flowers we have of pallid green,
Tipp'd with pearly hue !
And bowers of lilac too between,
And those of faintish blue !
There we dance, when floods are high,
And sits the Moon, pale empress, in the sky.

Or we trip o' th' pearly floor,
Where Amphitrite reigns :
And her black tresses we adore,
And hark the merry strains,
From the pipes of silver blown,
Whereby the Sea-Nymphs make her presence
known.

Then, ere Dian dip, we wink,
And of revels dream;
Ere Aurora touch the brink
With her amber team;
Happy, thrice happy, then, are we,
Who, in Titania's service, live thus free!

A SECOND SONG

OF

THE SEA-FAIRIES.

UNDERNEATH the planet's beam,
Which pale Hecate guides,
We trip it o'er the silv'ry stream,
Footing the salt tides :
Here and there we sport, and play,
Laughing at the substant day,
For Titania is our queen,
And we are seldom seen.

But when lovers pass the seas,
Under the cold moon,
We, to do their spirits ease,
Seek their pillows soon :

Then we fill their minds, God wot,
With a kiss, a smile, what not?
For so Titania bids,
To bless their sleeping lids.

With the Moon in journey thus,
Pendent on her pallid face,
Night is pregnant joy to us,
We the wat'ry circle trace;
Sometimes dive into the deep,
Sometimes on the moonbeams sleep,
Sometimes soar on high,
Where our queen bids us fly.

Sparkling seas, and night we love,
Swelling floods, and golden air,
When the lover looks above,
Delighting in despair:
But to-morrow ne'er we know,
For Aurora is our foe;
The Moon's brave children, we
Away from Phosphor flee.

A SONG.

THE lilies in the silver air,
Are they inflam'd with love?
In beauteous marriage do they pair,
And its soft rapture prove?
Yes: ev'ry sweet delight they share,
The golden Earth above.

The fountains, that Aurora streaks,
Do they in passion flow?
Of love, that ev'ry creature seeks,
Can wat'ry bosoms know?
Yes: ev'ry plaintive murmur speaks
Their soft delight in woe.

The marbles, in whose polish'd face
The flow'ry Summer burns,
Can these be touch'd by perfect grace,
And know of love the turns ?
Yes : love in these has fairest place,
As Nature's eye discerns.

The lilies, then, with pleasure die,
The fountains waste away,
The marbles view the Summer sky,
And fondly blame the day :
Yet you from me, O Daphne, fly,
And throw delight away.

Delight, which e'en the Angels find,
To be belov'd again !
And can that soft angelic mind
Let pity plead in vain ?
In youth, in form, in nature kind,
You but affect disdain !

Amid' the lilies we will lie,
Or by the fountains' side,
Or near the beauteous marbles sigh,
Whom Fate shall not divide :
Upon your bosom let me die,
And I'm to Gods allied !

TO
THE MARQUESS OF HASTINGS:

WITH
The Defense of Poesy,

WRITTEN
BY SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

To thee, that art the glory of our days,
And patron of all princely gentleness,
This image of delight my Muse conveys,
To be accepted of thy Nobleness :
That with thy favour thou the same may'st bless,
And shield great Sidney from detracting wrong ;
Sith his pure lines to purer ears express
All music, both of wisdom, and of tongue :

And sith in his most sweet heroic song,
 As in a mirror, thou may'st timely see
 The virtues, that exempt thee from the throng,
 And make thy life divinest poësy :
 Therefore, great Lord, vouchsafe this book to take,
 Both for it's own, and for it's author's sake.

AN EPIGRAM
OF
ANTIPATER OF SIDON

Upon Anacreon.

LET tender Ivy shade thee with it's green,
And purple Roses round thy tomb be seen,
And Earth, Anacreon, pour in love divine
Floods of pure Milk, and of flower-scented Wine;
That so thy bones and dust in joy may lie,
If aught of joy can touch us when we die;
O thou, that lov'd the Harp, and heav'nly Song,
And magnify'd fair Love thy whole life long.

FROM

THE GREEK OF ANACREON.

THE dark Earth drinks, and then the Trees
Drink her, and then the flowing Seas
Drink the wide Air, and then the Sun
Drinks up the Sea, and, that being done,
The thirsty Moon doth drink the Sun.

What harm, then, O Companions, think,
If I myself delight to drink?

SONNET.

How oft, O Moon, in thy most tragic face,
 The travell'd map of mournful history,
 Some record of long-perish'd woe I trace,
 Fetch'd from old kings' moth-eaten memory ;
 Which thou perhaps didst in it's acting see,
 The perturbation of it's doleful birth,
 Then crawling on to sad maturity,
 And it's last sleep in the forgetful earth :
 But if, in style proportion'd to it's worth,
 We raise it up, to shake the world again,
 To madness we shall turn heart-easing mirth,
 With horror laying waste the minds of men :
 O, marble is the flesh, unmov'd can be,
 When it beholds so fearful tragedy !

SONNET.

I GRIEVE to think, so often as I muse,
 Musing on sweet and bitter argument,
How many souls posterity doth lose,
 In that they leave behind no monument :
Souls, that have fed upon divinest thought,
 Yet, lacking utt'rance of their music's store,
To us, that breathe hereafter, are as nought,
 Or question'd but as names, that dwelt before :
Were it sad chance, that them of fame bereft,
 Love, grief, or sickness, or resentful woe,
Or abstinence of virtue made a theft
 Of that, which virtue to itself doth owe ;
The cause unknown, their worth unwritten too,
Let the World weep, for they are pity's due !

SONNET.

WHEN in the woods I wander all alone,
 The woods, that are my solace and delight,
 Which I more covet than a prince's throne,
 My toil by day, and canopy by night;
 (Light heart, light foot, light food, and slumber light,
 These lights shall light us to old Age's gate;
 While monarchs, whom rebellious dreams affright,
 Heavy with fear, death's fearful summons wait;)

Whilst here I wander, pleas'd to be alone,
 Weighing in thought the world's no happiness,
 I cannot choose but wonder at it's moan,
 Since so plain joys the woody life can bless :
 Then live who may, where honied words prevail,
 I with the deer, and with the nightingale !

SONNET.

THIS forest is to me the sweetest college
Of any, that the outward world can show,
Lacking professors, yet most rich in knowledge,
For vile profession is to virtue foe :
Wisdom doth here in all it's branches grow,
Preaching in stones, and from the senseless wood,
Brawls in the brooks, and, wheresoe'er we go,
The tongueless lecture still is understood :
Our hall a cave, where simple mirth rejoices,
The forest mirth, not gowned, but more free ;
Our choristers the birds, whose pleasant voices
In this green chapel fill our hearts with glee :
And for our grave, since that at last must come,
Beneath a beech death finds a quiet home.

SONNET.

O, how small wit, in this time-lesser'd age,
 Can buy for men the witness of renown !
 O, how large Envy, with a viper's rage,
 The brow of merit reaveth of it's crown !
 That men, whom all hereafter shall disown,
 The dregs of time, and vile oblivion's prey,
 Hold in large fee the world, and, overblown
 With empty thoughts, grow lavish with decay :
 Whilst the true greatness must the tribute pay,
 Fool'd in opinion, to low-natur'd pride,
 And, sick at heart, doth almost hate the day :
 If this be so, and can it be denied ?
 Then barren Winter is preferr'd to Spring,
 The Nightingale may list, the Cuckoo sing !

SONNET.

THE Cuckoo now shall mock the nightingale,
The thistle have the blushing rose in scorn,
The lofty mountain bend unto the vale,
And the brief taper overlight the Morn :
Now shall all things, that were to empire born,
Find diminution in their proper sphere,
True beauty now shall out of price be worn,
And virtue serve, that sate without a peer :
Precedency shall fly from out the year,
And fixture be engraft with swallow's wings,
Now moles shall 'gin to see, and rocks to hear,
And rivers shall run backward to their springs :
All this, and more, seem not so strange to me,
As knowledge, school'd by vile authority.

SONNET,

ON THE

EXCELLENT POET, SHAKSPEARE.

Now that thy worth is like the Summer blown,
 Why seek I with my breath to swell thy dower?
 Whose Muse can never make thy sweetness known,
 So much my love is greater than my power :
 Yet, for that Cæsar to the world is dear,
 No private man will his affection stint ;
 Then for the love I bring, in this 'tis clear,
 True love it is, though little else be in't :
 Whoever shall with finest eyes survey
 The secret heart of Nature, and her mind,
 Shall know what treasures thou hast made thy prey,
 Whom light could not betray, nor darkness blind !
 But thou, my Shakspeare, didst a fault commit,
 Making the world a beggar by thy wit !

SONNET,

ON THE SAME.

IF men for sweetness praise the balmy Spring,
Or with the honied Summer cloy their verse,
Or Autumn with loud carols homeward bring,
Or of breme Winter blameful things rehearse ;
If Music to the ear of love be sweet,
Or Marriage give a suitor's mind content,
Then let all men in Shakspeare's praises meet,
Which is in thought a thing as consequent :
For what that air in this huge rondure hems,
But with it's virtue feeds his phantasy ?
And far beyond, beyond those living gems,
That sparkle through the deep infinity,
There too he pierc'd, unparallel'd, sublime,
The world's great wonder, to the wrecks of time !

SONNET.

THE nightingale is mute, and so art thou,
Whose voice is sweeter than the nightingale :
While ev'ry idle scholar makes a vow,
Above thy worth and glory to prevail :
Yet shall not envy to that level bring
The true precedence, which is born in thee ;
Thou art no less the prophet of the Spring,
Though in the woods thy voice now silent be :
For silence may impair, but cannot kill
The music, that is native to thy soul ;
Nor thy sweet mind, in this thy froward will,
Upon thy purest honour have control :
But, since thou wilt not to our wishes sing,
This truth I speak, thou art of poets king.

SONNET.

THE largest reign of Silence yet hath sway
In beauty, which is music to the soul;
The lily hath no voice, yet shames the day;
Nay, the sweet air is liken'd in control:
The silver Moon, more paler than desire,
That with unvoiced wheel doth climb on high,
In meditation's car is as a quire,
That leads th' o'er-vision'd Night along the sky
All silence in it's pleasure hath a voice,
If balanc'd in the fine esteem of thought;
Then let dumb nature in that plea rejoice,
But be not thou to that dominion brought:
For speech in thee, some men's disparagement,
Thy purer gifts with glory shall augment.

THE PRAISE OF PINDAR,

AND

THEN OF AUGUSTUS CÆSAR,

PARAPHRASTICALLY TRANSLATED FROM HORACE.

HE, who with Pindar would essay a flight,
O great Antonius, in the crystal realms of light,
With Dædalean art, and waxen wings
Into the fatal flood of glory springs,
But falls, forsaken, like a glittering star,
Shot from bright Phœbus' ever-burning car,
Falls with a headlong haste, and flashes from afar:

Deep Ocean whelms him. But great Pindar burns,
Now flows majestic, and now foams by turns ;

As a vast river from the threatening brow
Of some huge hoary mountain falls below,
When watery stars and endless winter swell
His rage above the banks, and make his waves rebel :
With a deep mouth, and an immortal soul,
The son of Jove, beyond weak man's control,
Pindar all likeness scorns, and reigns a Poet whole.

His brow is shaded with the sacred leaf,
Which binds the temples of the Muses' Chief :
Lo, without art, and trusting Nature's force,
He sits upon his chair, and urges on the course
Of his divine bold dithyrambics, proud
To sing his words, yet never heard, aloud ;
And pour his lawless measures forth, and dazzle
the weak crowd.

And sometimes Gods, and sometimes too he sings
Great heaven-descended Kings :
They, by whose force the guilty Centaurs fell ;
And rash Chimæra, breathing flames of hell :

The horsy people, and the triple beast,
In the full Bacchus of their flowing feast *,
And flowery Lycian mountain, they from life re-
leas'd †.

And sometimes those, whom Pisa's palm brings home,
With heavenly pleasure, from Alpheus' flood ;
Wrestler, or horseman, even Gods become,
Or surely of the nectar-drinking brood :
Their acts now sparkle in his glorious lays ;
More than a thousand statues shines his praise ;
The vanquish'd without envy hear, and gaze
Upon their lovely victors' looks, and vow them
lengthen'd days.

Or to the tearful, and betrothed maid
The ravish'd, youthful husband he deplores ;
And, all her soul into his strings convey'd,
The beauteous dowry of his life restores ;

* The Centaurs were slain by Theseus, and Pirithous, at the nuptials of Hippodamia.

† Chimæra haunted a mountain of Lycia.

His strength, his courage, and the golden light
Of his chaste manners to the stars he lifts ;
And envies Orcus, and eternal night :
The maid, assuaged by those sacred gifts
Of aye-harmonious music, to contentment shifts.

A bounteous air lifts up the Theban Swan,
When to the foot of Jove he would be gone :
An air, Antonius, that must needs be great,
To bear his swelling plumage, and his glorious state
Quite through the sea of clouds, and up to Heaven's
gate.

But, as a Matine bee,
With slender flight and song,
The flower of thyme-plant gathers free,
With art and labour long,
Murmuring o'er the grove, and bank
Of the yellow Tiber dank,
Like the bee, laborious, I,
My little music try.

Thou shalt soar with rapid wing,
And with a deeper plectrum strike the string :
Thou shalt exalt great Cæsar's fame on high,

Then, when the fierce Sicambri he shall draw,
Grim o'er the Sacred Hill, and frowning savagely,

The fierce Sicambri, that disdain'd all law ;
Thou shalt exalt him in thy deathless verse,
And all the harvest of his wars rehearse.

Nothing yet more good, or great,
To the Gods we owe, and Fate ;
Nothing more great, or good, shall ever owe :

Not, 'though renewing our elapsed date,
Into their ancient gold the Seasons flow.

Thou shalt sing the happy days,
And the festal city's blaze,
The' illumin'd temples, and life-acting plays ;
All, that the natural heart of Rome can give,
For Cæsar, riding on our sacred ways :
Concordant in the forum we shall live.

Then of my voice, if aught of mine
May swell the music of thy song divine,
Then of my voice shall an exceeding part
Declare the language of the heart :
And, O fair Sun, and ever to be prais'd,
To whom all hands, to whom all hearts, are rais'd,
O Sun, for ever happy, thee I sing,
That dost to Rome immortal Cæsar bring !

Not once, O Cæsar, on thy sacred way,
Io triumphe! shall thy people say ;
Not once, but always will they shout, and sing,
All the whole City, and sweet incense bring
To every laughing God, and Heaven's eternal
King.

Ten bulls, ten cows, Antonius, shalt thou slay ;
I but a tender bull upon this beauteous day :
See, from his mother's side, he feeds,
Charm'd with his rising youth, amid' the flowery
meads.

On his front the dazzling horns,
Like the pale moon's curved fires,
On the third night rising fair;
And his brow a star adorns,
Emblem of his chaste desires——
All the rest is golden hair.

THE SUN-FLOWER.

BEHOLD, my dear, this lofty flow'r,
That now the golden sun receives ;
No other deity has pow'r,
But only Phœbus, on her leaves ;
As he in radiant glory burns,
From east to west her visage turns.

The dial tells no tale more true,
Than she his journal on her leaves,
When morn first gives him to her view,
Or night, that her of him bereaves,
A dismal interregnum, bids
Her weeping eyes to close their lids.

Forsaken of his light, she pines
The cold, the dreary night away,
'Till in the east the crimson signs
Betoken the great God of day ;
Then, lifting up her drooping face,
She sheds around a golden grace.

O Nature, in all parts divine !
What moral sweets her leaves disclose !
Then in my verse her truth shall shine,
And be immortal, as the rose,
Anacreon's plant : arise, thou flow'r,
That hast fidelity thy dow'r !

Apollo, on whose beams you gaze,
Has fill'd my breast with golden light ;
And circled me with sacred rays,
To be a poet in his sight :
Then thus I give the crown to thee,
Whose impress is fidelity.

The sun shall not his journey speed
From out the Oriental gate,
And paint with joy the flow'ry mead,
Ere I thy glory will translate :
And, what is more, Althea's kiss
With nectar shall adorn thy bliss.

SONNET.

FAIR golden star, that, on my onward road
Shin'st featly on the hills, and light'st the world,
Lest darkness here should make her sad abode,
And the brief world be to perdition hurl'd :
Despairing of the over-lighted day,
That now into the briny foam is gone ;
O shine, fair star, and not withhold your ray
Till the bright Moon upon our path is shown :
The pallid Moon, that with her punctual love
Now harnesses her white and sable steeds,
To touch with silver ev'ry wood and grove,
To peer upon the dew-bespangled meads :
But come she when she may, your blissful light
Is dear to us, fair harbinger of Night !

EPIGRAM;

FROM THE GREEK;

In the Seventh Book of the Anthologia.

THOU hast, sweet maid, those eyes of love,
Which crowned Juno turns on Jove;
The hands of Pallas; Paphia's breast;
The legs of Thetis; he is blest,
Who sees thee; but more blest, who hears
Thy voice; almost a God appears,
Who pants with thy desire; but he,
Who marries, is a deity!

TO

THE EARL OF ASHBURNHAM*.

MOST noble Lord, in whose thrice-ancient name

The flow'r of perfect faith, and loyalty
Still blossoms, that therein your glorious fame,

Accepted of all time, shall never die ;

But that pure gift, that to his progeny

Was left by Bertram in King Harold's days,
And after seen in that late tragedy,

Which did the Martyr from this life erase,
Continues of your house the matchless praise ;

Right worthily, my Lord, to you I bring
These fair first-fruits of my heroic lays,

Sith of your ancestors I mean to sing,
And in lamenting Verse to speak their fate,

Who perish'd for "*the King and the Estate* †."

* The late lamented Earl ; whose Ancestors were of exalted Nobility in the time of King Harold.

† The Motto of the Earls of Ashburnham :

" *Le Roy et l'Estat.*"

TO

THE EARL SPENCER,

KNIGHT OF THE GARTER.

NOT all, that sit beneath a golden roof,
In rooms of cedar, O renowned Lord,
Wise though they be, and put to highest proof,
To the sweet Muses do their grace afford;
Which if they did, the like would them accord
The mighty poets to eternity,
And their wise acts in living verse record,
And build them up, great heirs of memory,
Which else shall in oblivion fall and die:
But thou, that like the Sun, with heavenly beams
Shining on all, dost cheer abundantly
The learned heads, that drink Castalian streams;
Transcendant Lord, accept this verse from me,
Made for all time, but yet unfit for thee.

TO
THE MARQUESS OF HASTINGS,
KNIGHT OF THE GARTER.

SWEET as the silver voice of Victory,
Enlarging the fair glory of a king,
Or that lamenting bird, in Summer free,
That to the shepherd's thirsty ear doth sing;
As sweet as to divining fancy ring
The golden axles of the circling Sphere,
So sweetly in thy praise, on Angel's wing,
I mean to soar beyond the solar year:
And there, escap'd from anguish and from fear,
To triumph in the sparkling fount of day,
Thy harbinger, that shortly shalt appear
In that celestial walk; as fair as they,
Whom Earth, of her heroic race, hath sent,
To be her glory, and her argument!

TO

THE FOUNTAIN BANDUSIA.

FOUNTAIN, more clear than glass can be,
Belov'd Bandusia, to thee
Sweet cups of wine are fitly paid,
With flowers, upon thy margin laid;
And to-morrow thou shalt have
A kid, upon whose forehead brave
The kindling horns yet mock the sight,
And threaten Venus and the fight:
In vain: for with his ruddy blood
He shall stain thy gelid flood,
Offspring of a wanton brood.

The flaming dog-star's madd'ning hour
Hath upon thy wave no power:

A sweet coldness thou dost yield
To flocks, that wander in the field,
And oxen, weary from the plough.

Amidst the noble fountains thou
Shalt flow for ever, whilst I sing
The ilex, that o'ershades thy spring,
Whose roots i' the mossy marble creep,
From which thy murmuring waters leap.

TO

A BELOVED FRIEND.

THE Sun is not more prodigal of light,
 Nor liberty more native to the air,
 The purple rose more lovely to the sight,
 Or glory to poetic minds more fair,
 Than thou to all, that know thee, and admire,
 Art dear, for virtue and unfeigned truth ;
 A mind, that burns with everlasting fire,
 And feeds on wisdom in unclouded youth :
 In thee is love of labour, and of fame ;
 Sweet nature, and divine ability ;
 Thy light is lit at pure religion's flame,
 To guide thy steps to immortality ;
 And with unfading honour may'st thou bloom,
 " And late return to thy celestial home *."

* This line is taken from a very beautiful translation :
 it runs thus in the original ;

" long may you govern Rome,
 And late return to your celestial home."

ON BEHOLDING
 BODIAM CASTLE,
 ON
 THE BANK OF THE ROTHER, IN SUSSEX.

O THOU brave ruin of the passed time,
 When glorious spirits shone in burning arms,
 And the brave trumpet, with its sweet alarms,
 Call'd *honour* ! at the matin hour sublime,
 And the grey ev'ning ; thou hast had thy prime,
 And thy full vigour, and the eating harms,
 Of age have robb'd thee of thy warlike charms,
 And plac'd thee here, an image, in my rhyme ;
 The owl now haunts thee, and oblivion's plant,
 The creeping ivy, has o'er-veil'd thy towers ;
 And Rother, looking up with eye askant,
 Recalling to his mind thy brighter hours,
 Laments the time, when, fair and elegant,
 Beauty first laugh'd from out thy joyous bowers !

TO

ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ.

POET, whose soul, to liberty devote,
Has finely spoken in immortal song,
And with her borne all English hearts along,
That can th' uplifted mind from evil note,
I think thee 'fit, though envy be afloat,
To walk, a peer, amid that learned throng,
That, sweet in fancy, and in virtue strong,
Have sway'd the ear of glory with their note.
When Time shall throw his laurels on thy herse,
And weeping lays be sprinkled on thy bier,
But be that long ! then thy immortal verse
Shall be to Petrarch, and to Spenser dear ;
To whose sweet souls thou sweetly shalt rehearse
Thy music, born for that Angelic sphere !

SONNET,

ON READING THE INDUCTION TO THE MIRROR OF MAGISTRATES,
WHEREIN THE POET, LED BY SORROW, DESCENDS TO HELL.

LED by thy guidance to the gate of woe,
 And taught the frail delights of upper air,
 O Sackville, by thy side I walk, and know
 What doleful sights we shall inherit there :
 Then, Oh, farewell the golden palaces,
 The blooming gardens, and the deered walks,
 Where great Ambition takes it's restless ease,
 And Virtue with retired honour talks ;
 Farewell the day of action or of thought,
 The night, that or in love or musing dies,
 Farewell the kingly favour, and distraught
 With passion, O, farewell my lady's eyes :
 Farewell to this sweet world, for now I go,
 In thought and presence, to the land of woe !

SONNET,

WHEN TRAVELLING, IN THE EVENING.

THE crimson Moon, uprising from the Sea,
 With large delight, foretels the harvest near:
 Ye shepherds, now prepare your melody,
 To greet the soft appearance of her sphere!
 And, like a page, enamour'd of her train,
 The star of Ev'ning glimmers in the West:
 Then raise, ye shepherds, your observant strain,
 That so of the great shepherd here are blest!
 Our fields are full with the time-ripen'd grain,
 Our vineyards with the purple clusters swell:
 Her golden splendour glimmers on the main,
 And vales, and mountains her bright glory tell:
 Then sing, ye shepherds, for the time is come,
 When we must bring th' enriched harvest home!

ON THE SAME EVENING,

PASSING NEAR HASTINGS.

O MOON, that shinest on this heathy wild,
And light'st the hill of Hastings with thy ray,
How am I with thy sad delight beguil'd,
How hold with fond imagination play !
By thy broad taper I call up the time,
When Harold on the bleeding verdure lay,
Though great in glory, overstain'd with crime,
And fallen by his fate from kingly sway !
On bleeding knights, and on war-broken arms,
Torn banners, and the dying steeds you shone ;
When this fair England, and her peerless charms,
And all but honour to the foe were gone !
Here died the King, whom his brave subjects chose,
But, dying, lay amid' his Norman foes !

THE SAME EVENING.

THE shepherds on pale Dian fondly gaze,
The huntsman with delight her glory sees,
The tented warrior now observes her rays,
And the lone fisher on the silent seas :
The pale astronomer, from out his tow'r,
With watchful eyes her perfect sphere surveys,
And the fine poet wastes the midnight hour,
Enamour'd of the glory of her ways :
But, most of all, (and let compassion weep !)
The madman to her throned beauty turns,
Forsaken of all hope, of balmy sleep,
And for a world of idle fancy burns !
The mind of man is like the ebbing Sea,
O changeful Dian, oversway'd by thee !

SONNET.

'Tis Ev'ning, and the cawing birds in air
 Assemble o'er the dark, and rooky wood ;
 The sweet-breath'd kine now homeward make repair,
 And yield unto the pail their balmy food :
 Beneath the moon, the pale and misty moon,
 The huntsman to our blazing hearth returns,
 And, having hous'd his dogs, with tankards boon,
 And easy mirth, the coming night discerns :
 The robin by my humble casement sings,
 And tells me the sweet Autumn now is near ;
 Come then, my friends, and, with the bliss of kings,
 Partake with me our plain and welcome cheer ;
 Pure food, rich cups, and, with light-voiced song,
 Sweet tales, that speed the Winter's night along.

THE
DIALOGUE OF HORACE AND LYDIA.

HORACE.

WHILE I as yet was dear to thee,
Nor any happier youth could fling
His arms around thy white neck free,
I flourish'd more than Persia's king.

LYDIA.

While with no other more you burn'd,
Nor Lydia after Chloë held,
I Lydia, of great name, discern'd
The Roman Ilia then excell'd.

HORACE.

Me now the Cretan Chloë, all,
Learn'd in the harp, her rule doth give ;
For whom I would not fear to fall,
If fate would let her soul survive.

LYDIA.

Me Calais burns with mutual fire,
And to my heart his rule doth give,
For whom I twice would death desire,
If fate would let the boy survive.

HORACE.

What if our wonted love come back,
And bind us her sharp yoke within?
If golden Chloë go to wrack,
And Lydia with new joy come in?

LYDIA.

Though he be fairer than a star,
Thou fiercer than the Adrian sea,
Yea, and than cork too lighter far,
Yet will I live, and die with thee.

SONG,

IN ANGELICA.

TAKE heed, chaste nymph, take heed,
Singing in the flow'ry mead,
For Love oft lurks in thorny roses,
And there in crimson buds reposes :
Take heed, chaste nymph, take heed,
Lest he awake,
His quiver take,
And bend his bow,
And shoot, heigh ho !
The dart, that makes thy bosom ache.

LINES,

COMPOSED,

WHEN TRAVELLING FROM THE SEA-SIDE.

FAREWELL to Ocean ! now to bowers I go,
 Whose drooping branches bear th' aspect of woe ;
 The pallid leaves are trembling on the bough,
 Or cover the damp earth ; and only now
 The ivy with her clasping arms is green,
 Where round the stems of nobler trees 'tis seen :
 Farewell to Summer ! and farewell, O ye,
 The Muses, dancing on Olympus free !
 And naked Graces, that with golden hair
 Beside the fount of Pindus make repair !
 Farewell, 'till May with blossoms deck the earth,
 And the rathe primrose in the woods have birth,
 And violets on Southern banks dispense
 Their purple fragrance to th' enamour'd sense :
 Then with Aurora will we wake, and wake
 The silv'ry lute, for Amphitrite's sake,

Whom, lately walking on the paved marge,
I saw pass by, with all her Nymphal charge.
What words, Apollo, can her beauty paint?
And all her beauty blaz'd without restraint!
Then, if hereafter to great notes we sing,
And mighty fables from the deep we bring,
Believe ye, what she said; *O poet, take
This pearly lute, and strike it for my sake:
It shall resound sweet music; make the seas
Melodious, as the land; whenso thou please,
The Sea-Nymphs shall arise, and list thy lay;
And the blithe Tritons hearken in the bay;
The dolphins dance; the Mermaids stand at gaze,
And Phæbus shall withhold his amber rays.*
She said; and I departed from the shore:
But her soft words, like golden thunder's roar,
Yet echo in my ears: Ye waves, adieu!
Ye hoary Tritons, and ye Nymphal crew,
Ye Dolphins, and ye Maids with crystal glass,
And golden comb, who o'er the seas do pass,
Adieu! to stormy Ocean's foaming brow,
Adieu! 'till melting Spring we pledge our vow;——
The holly's in the hat: we're inland now!

TO

THE RIVER THAMES.

THAMES, king of Rivers, Ocean's eldest son,
 Majestic husband of that learned stream,
 Which every worthy Poet makes his theme,
 And does by Oxford, softly-pacing, run,
 Isis, thy laughing mate ; the genial Sun
 Illumes thy water with a temperate beam ;
 And, though with paved gold thou dost not gleam,
 Yet greater praises by thy wave are won :
 Thou, more than Tiber, wear'st a thicker crown
 Of verdant laurel, and of watery sedge ;
 And, more than Rome, *the World-defending Town,*
Augusta, smiles upon thy sacred edge ;
 Deep as thy water, Thames, is thy renown,
 Of which this verse shall be another pledge.

THE RITES,

Had at the Burning of Arcita, of Thebes.

AFTER THE NOBLE POET, CHAUCER.

Now Theseus all his thought employs and care
That good Arcita's sepulture be fair,
That with all honour it adorned be,
And all the grace of war, that knew antiquity.
He thought it just to have it in that grove,
Both sweet and green, where both the knights for love,
Had keenly fought their passion to approve :
Where Arcite fed his amorous desires,
Where he complain'd, and knew love's burning fires,
In that same grove a fire will he make,
(Of Athens and the world the grief to slake,)
A fire, wherein he may accomplish all
The office of the Theban's funeral.

Anon he gave command to hack and hew
All the old oaks, and they were not a few,
That that old forest in its confines knew ;
And lay them in whole trees upon a row,
And transverse, that the fire may justly glow.
His officers with swift feet run, and ride
To fell the mighty oaks throughout the forest wide,
And do all other things, that Theseus may provide.
A bier was had, and over it was spread
The richest cloth of gold the loom can shed ;
And loving Theseus clad the good Arcite
In the same cloth of gold, like mid-day, bright ;
A melancholy task ! a passionate delight !
And on his warlike hands the gloves were white,
And on his head a crown of laurel green,
And in his hand a sword full bright and keen.

He laid him bare the visage on the bier ;
Therewith he wept, that pity was to hear,
And for the people should behold him all,
When it was day he brought him to the hall,
That roareth of the crying and the moan.

Then came the woful Theban, Palamon,
With floty beard, and ragged hair, whereon
The mournful ashes ruefully were strown,
In black clothes, dropping all with tears, alone ;
And (passing o'er of weeping Emily,)
The ruefullest of all the company.

And that the service shall more noble be,
More rich and equal the dead knight's degree,
Duke Theseus bade the royal grooms to bring
Three pacing steeds fit either for a king,
Trapped in polish'd steel, like lightning, glittering,
All cover'd with the arms of Lord Arcite :
And sat upon those steeds so great and white
The man who bare his shield ; the man who bare
His spear up in his hands ; the man, who bare
His bow of Turkey, with a duteous care ;
(The case of burnt gold and the harness were :)
And rode forth a foot's pace with sorrowful chear
Towards the grove as ye shall after hear.

The noblest of the Greeks, that then were there,
Upon their shoulders bore the golden bier,

With a slack pace, and eyes full wet and red,
And through the main street of the city sped,
All carpetted with black, and wondrous high
The houses hung with black, and clothed mournfully.
Upon the right hand travell'd Ægeus old,
Duke Theseus on the left his way did hold,
With vessels in their hand of gold full fine,
All full of honey, milk, and blood, and wine;
And Palamon, with full great company,
And after that came woful Emily,
And bore the fire in hand, and burning bright,
To do the office of the funeral rite.

Great preparation, and high labour were,
The service of that lighting to prepare,
That the great doleful fire might blaze into the air :
The funeral stage was twenty fathoms broad,
That with his green top, and his verdant load,
Reach'd up into the Heavens, that was Arcite's
abode :
A forest for the bed of his remains :
Of straw there first were laid, in base, a hundred wains.

But how the fire was waken'd up on high,
The names of all the trees that there did lie,
As oak, fir, birch, and aspin, alder wet,
Holm, poplar, willow by the rivers set,
Elm, plane, ash, box, and lime-tree, chesnut rich,
Laurel, thorn, maple, hazel, yew, and beech,
And all the general forest growing free,
How they were fell'd shall not be told by me ;
Nor how the Gods run up the wood and down,
Spoil'd of their several homes, and of their leafy town ;
In which they greenly liv'd in pleasing rest and peace,
The Nymphs, the Fauns, the Hamadryades,
Nor yet how the wild beasts, and the birds all
For fear fled, when the forest 'gan to fall,
Nor how the ground aghast was of the light,
That was not wont to see great Phœbus bright,
Nor how what shall anon be fire was laid
At first with the dry straw, as I have said,
And then with the dry sticks, and cloven in three,
And then with green wood, and with spicery,
And then with cloth of gold, and jewels a bright dower,
And garlands hanging ripe with many a lovely flower,

The myrrh, the incense, with sweet odorous bliss,
Nor how Arcita lay amongst all this ;
The richness of the world about his body is ;
Nor how Emilia touch'd the pile with light,
And did with trembling hands the funeral rite,
And turn'd away her face, and fell in night,
And swoon'd beside the flames, which she had
 waken'd bright ;

Nor what she spoke of prayer and of desire,
Ere yet her knight was wrapped in the fire ;
Nor what brave jewels in the fire men cast,
When it was great and broad and burning fast,
Nor how some cast their shield, and some their spear,
And some their vestments, and whate'er was dear,
A chariot wheel, a helmet glist'ring drear,
Cups full of wine, and milk, and blood they had
Into the fire that burnt as it were mad ;
Nor how the warlike Greeks, with a huge rout
Three times had ridden all the fire about
On the left hand, and made the heavens to ring,
Thrice shouting, and their spears thrice clattering ;

And how the ladies thrice 'gan unto heaven to cry,
Nor how unto her home was helped Emily,
Nor how Arcite is burnt to ashes cold,
Nor how the wake around the fire they hold
All the same night: nor how the Greek men play;
Of all the wake-games hardly can I say;
Who, naked, wrestled best, with oil anointed,
And bare him so he was no way disjointed,
I will not tell, nor yet how all are gone
Home into Athens, when the play is done:
But shortly to the port my course I bend,
And make of my long tale a worthy end.

SONNET,

WRITTEN

ON THE LAST DAY OF SUMMER.

Now Summer has one foot from out the world,
 Her golden mantle floating in the air ;
 And her love-darting eyes are backward hurl'd,
 To bid adieu to this creation fair :
 A flight of swallows circles her before,
 And Zephyrus, her jolly harbinger,
 Already is a-wing to Heaven's door,
 Whereat the Muses are expecting her ;
 And the three Graces, in their heav'nly ring,
 Are dancing with delicious harmony ;
 And Hebe doth her flowery chalice bring,
 To sprinkle nectar on their melody :
 Jove laughs, to see his angel, Summer, come,
 Warbling his praise, to her immortal home.

IN AUTUMN.

Now gaze the stags upon the glassy brooks,
Then slowly through their leafy walks retire,
The huntsman from his close-shut casement looks,
And heaps new wood upon his blazing fire ;
The lowing kine, from out the flow'ry meads,
Now pale and frozen, under shelter stand,
The ox within his stall contented feeds,
And plough and wain are idle on the land ;
The hind within the house his labour plies,
The dreaming hound upon the hearth is laid,
The flapping sea-gull from the coastward flies,
And robin now can perch on axe and spade ;
This, this is Autumn, when the freezing sky,
And mournful air proclaim the Winter nigh !

IN AUTUMN.

THE mournful earth is fellow to my woe,
The hills and valleys to my anthems sing,
That now no more the golden sunbeams flow,
But waning Autumn of the world is king.
The woods and gardens to my songs reply,
They feel the loss, which they in change sustain;
The fountains on me look with careful eye,
And fondly of the creeping cold complain:
The winged horses now have lost their powers,
The musing herds within the meadows stand,
The birds are hush'd amid' their naked bowers,
And insects in the cells themselves have plann'd;
All sight and sound is of a mournful cast,
And tell to man the golden prime is past.

ON
THE POEM OF MR. ROGERS,
ENTITLED
“AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.”

WHEN Rogers o'er this labour bent,
Their purest fire the Muses lent,
'T illustrate this sweet Argument.

Search all the ancient Poets o'er,
An ample and immortal store,
Their choicest wit can give no more.

Before this lovely Work appear'd,
By the fine critics it was fear'd,
Too much to th' Arctic Pole we near'd:

So poor in wit was all we wrote,
So void of philosophic thought,
So inharmoniously we wrought :

But this divine and matchless strain,
By other Poets hop'd in vain,
I' th' instant set us right again.

This book's a lamp, whose silver ray
Shall burn, unconscious of decay,
Till countless ages roll away :

It is a web, so finely wove,
If Pallas the light shuttle drove,
No fairer could be made for Jove.

Then, thus, to form Apollo's crown,
(Let ev'ry other bring his own,)
I lay my branch of laurel down.

SONNET.

IN Parian marble of divinest price,
In fairest gems, in silver and in gold,
In flow'ry sweets, that have been steeped thrice
In Phœbus' beams, and now his image hold,
In fountains, and in woods, in beauteous meads,
In palaces of pomp, and love withal,
In scooped chariots, and in fiery steeds,
I am, indeed, most rich and prodigal !
The Sun cannot behold a greater lord,
Nor doth the eye of Jove survey a man,
Whose fortune can such boundless wealth afford,
E'er since the artificial world began :
Thy face, which faults Olympus, is to me
This orb'd World, and Nature's treasury !

SONNET, IN SPRING.

To the Muse.

DAUGHTER of Jove, encircled by the Hours,
 The warbling Spring comes dancing from the gate
 Of Heaven, and, ripe in majesty and state,
 Pours from her golden ewer the purpling flowers
 On mead, on mountain, on the hallowed marge
 Of sacred rivers; and the Mermaid chants
 The seas into a calm; and the wood-haunts
 Of coy Diana echo all at large
 With the smooth songs of Philomel: awake,
 Daughter of Heaven, and blameless Memory;
 Put on thy flowery sandals, and uptake
 Thy golden rod, beloved of the Sky!
 And with a tongue, like vernal thunder, make
 Virtue, the heir of Immortality!

TO VIRGIL.

TRANSLATED OUT OF HORACE.

COMPANIONS of the Spring, that lull the sea,
Now the soft airs of Thrace the sails impel :
Now not the meads are frozen, nor rivers swell,
Loud with the snows of winter, down the lea.
Her nest she puts, that Itys weeping cries,
The hapless bird, of the Cecropian name
The sad reproach for ever, that ill she came
T' avenge barbarian kings' impieties.
Laid on the tender grass, at listless ease,
The shepherds of fat flocks their music rear ;
And charm the God, to whom the herd is dear,
Whom the dark hills of his Arcadia please.
The season hath brought thirst ; but if you think
To quaff the generous wine at Cales press'd,
O Virgil, by the noble youth caress'd,
Then purchase with sweet nard the pleasing drink.

Of nard a little onyx shall prepare,
A cask, which in Sulpician barns is laid,
Rich to produce new hope, and full of aid
To wash away the bitterness of care.
These joys if you delight in, quickly come
With merchandise of price : I have no thought
To steep you in my laughing cups for nought,
As the rich man in his abundant home.
But losing dreams of wealth, that poor deceit ;
Mindful of the dark fires, whilst yet you may,
Mix a short folly with your studious day :
To trifle as the fool in place is sweet.

SONNET,

TO A BIRD, THAT HAUNTED THE WATERS OF
LACKEN, IN THE WINTER.

O MELANCHOLY bird, a winter's day,
 Thou standest by the margin of the pool ;
 And, taught by God, dost thy whole being school
 To Patience, which all evil can allay :
 God has appointed thee the fish thy prey ;
 And giv'n thyself a lesson to the fool
 Unthrifty, to submit to moral rule,
 And his unthinking course by thee to weigh.
 There need not schools, nor the professor's chair,
 Though these be good, true wisdom to impart :
 He, who has not enough for these to spare,
 Of time, or gold, may yet amend his heart,
 And teach his soul, by brooks and rivers fair :
 Nature is always wise in every part.

SONG.

WHEN apple trees in blossom are,
And cherries of a silken white ;
And king-cups deck the meadows fair ;
And daffodils in brooks delight ;
When golden wall-flower blooms around ;
And purple violets scent the ground ;
And lilac 'gins to show her bloom ;
We then may say the May is come.

When happy shepherds tell their tale,
Under the tender-leafy tree ;
And all adown the grassy vale
The mocking Cuckoo chanteth free ;
And Philomel with liquid throat
Doth pour the welcome warbling note,
That had been all the winter dumb ;
We then may say the May is come.

When fishes leap in silver streams ;
And tender corn is springing high ;
And banks are warm with sunny beams ;
And twitt'ring swallows cleave the sky ;
And forests' bees are humming near ;
And cowslips in boys' hats appear ;
And maids do wear the meadows' bloom ;
We then may say the May is come.

THE END.



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